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BREVITIES

DECEMBER, 1921 — 35 CENTS



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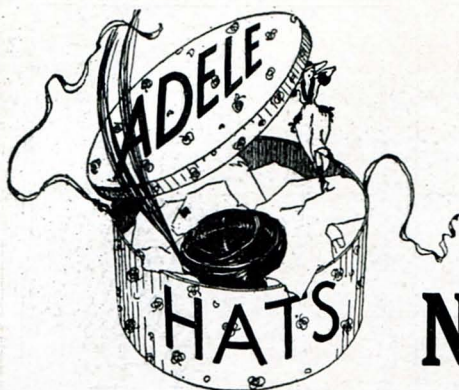
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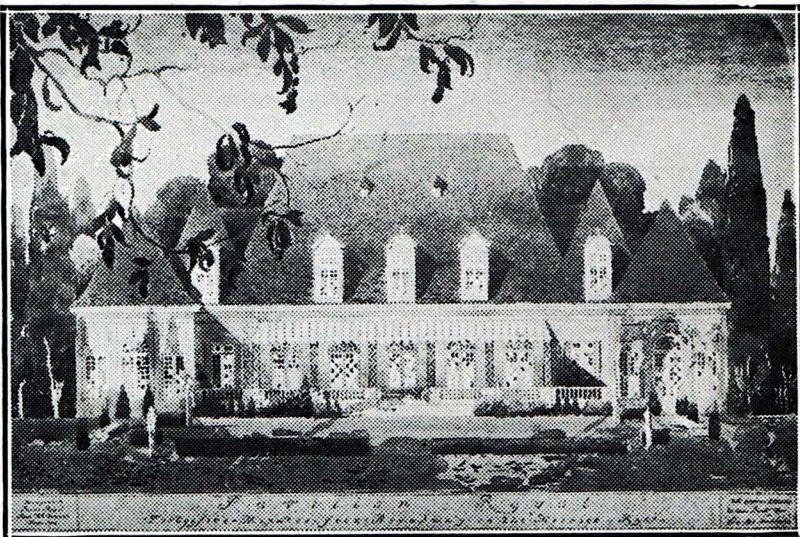
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VOL. 1. DECEMBER, 1921. No. 6

BREVITIES

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Published by BREVITIES, Inc.

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Secy. & Treas.

Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg. 1400 Broadway

Harry Hecheimer, of Counsel

En Passant

By EARLE REMINGTON HINES

At the solicitation of numerous readers we reprint for the third time this little poetical gem by our old friend, Mrs. Billy Hines. A gem—of the first water—it indeed is.

I wonder if she knew
When I passed by?
Under the gas light, hurrying home,
My roving eye
Caught sight of a familiar form—
A careless grace
I knew of old:
And then the well known face
Burst on my view,
Tho' eyes may be deceived
The heart cannot.
I think it stopped
As that one passed,
Who owned its very beat
In days gone by
I dared not let
Mine eyes her own to meet,
But, fearful, gazed on space,
While all the blood within my veins
Seemed as if froze: ..
I wonder if she knew?
God knows.

"From a Sandwich to a National Institution"



Reuben's
THAT'S ALL

Madison Ave.
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MARY RYAN

*the famous star of "Only 38" at the Cort Theatre, in which
play Miss Ryan achieves the high spot of her career by her
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* * *

What has happened to Jack Hughes, former BULLevardier and late of "Avalon" fame?

* * *

Could it possibly be true, as reported, that "little loans" were often received by Herbert H——, during the 1921 spring run of the Frolic from the straw-haired beauty, Ethel Hallor? Whether true or not, we know Herbie was a bear for loans.

* * *

DID YOU EVER KNOW THAT DOROTHY MACKAILL MADE HER JUMP TO AMERICA IN A DRYGOODS BOX? No, she wasn't trying a Houdini. But no less a party than the little gel herself is authority for the story. Her folks in Hingland were averse, it seems, from her quitting home, so Dorothy's inventive mind set to work to circumvent their surveillance. So it was either from Dover to Paris or from Paris to New York—we forget which—that she had herself shipped in a dry-goods case, just like contraband hooch or something, and finally landed safely in the land of cover charges. All's well that ends swell, however, and after this boxing of the compass Dottie was soon nestling snugly among the backdrops of the Century Roof, just a meek, little friendless British cousin, striving to rise by honest toil to success. And it is certainly an inspiration to all heavy-working chorines to note how Dorothy advanced. One of the later signs of her prosperity is that

"gorjus" moleskin coat (worth anywhere from \$15.00 to \$1,500) that Dot kiddingly states she won on a bet.

* * *

As a sequel to the obnoxious notoriety that the Hallor family have recently received in the daily prints, it is of disconcerting interest to learn that that motley trio of ingrates, Edith, Ethel and Raymond, have left their home and mother. And are now all far away by the golden, sun-kist Pacific, merry and glad, leaving their poor mother in want, and to reflect on the ingratitude and faithlessness of her children.

Incidentally, Edith, the eldest of this splendid array of disloyalty, is celebrated for her Nijinskylike leaps in and out of matrimony. After having had the skids put under her by L. Lawrence Weber, the theatrical producer, she skipped to the Coast and put the works into Jack Dillon, movie director. Now, Lady Edith is contemplating gnawing through the sacred cords of conjugality once more.... It's certainly been hell among the Hallors.

* * *

FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
OF MARK LUESCHER

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: I am a daily reader of your paper and have a little item I would like you to publish.

I am a poultry raiser and have a white Leghorn rooster that I call quite well educated. He will come from any part of the farm where he can hear me when I call "Billy." Then I tell him to get upon a post. He will immediately do so. Then I say "Billy, crow!" and he also does that for me.

GEORGE H. BOWER.

Raritan, N. J., Nov. 10, 1921.

WE'RE SORRY!

IN OUR LAST ISSUE THE ADDRESS OF THE FAMOUS "HONEYDEW PERFUMERY COMPANY" WAS ERRONEOUSLY STATED AS 1439 BROADWAY....THE CORRECT ADDRESS IS 1539 BROADWAY.... Here is a shop that has made a reputation for itself with the entire theatrical profession of New York on the wonderful line of face-powders, creams and perfumeries in which they specialize.

* * *

Old-timers have been much interested in hearing of the plans of the veteran showman, W. W. Randall, to return to the producing field in the spring. Randall is the man who laid the foundations of what was afterwards known as the "Theatrical Syndicate," so ably handled later by Klaw & Erlanger. Randall's agency at 1265 Broadway in the old days controlled more than 275 theatres in U. S. and Canada. Randall, still hale and hearty, will be welcomed back to active producing.

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 2

In view of the criticisms levelled at Al. Woods for his boudoir plays, don't you think that since Al. has made his beds he should lie in them?

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Old Man Volstead
Hattie Underhill
F. P. A.
Don Marquis
W. H. Anderson
Jess Dandy
Avery Hopwood

* * *

The Spotlight Now Shining on Lou

In our last issue in speaking of Harry Richman's work at the Folies Begere, we said that it was rumored that his co-writer was Lou Davis. Since then we have been able to check this up, and we can now state positively that he is writing with Harry, and together, the boys have had some flattering offers to sign up regularly with two very big publishers. Some of the very best numbers they have written, and which have been accepted for publication, are, Forgive Me, For I can't Forget, California Poppy, Bashful Baby, Pick 'em Up and Lay 'em Down, Oh! How She Can Kiss, Days of Romance, and A Doll House. The last two named numbers are the only two interpolated numbers in the new Ed Wynn show and The Doll House number is nothing short of sensational. We certainly wish them the best of luck, for they are mighty nice boys.

* * *

Is the Boss's Wife On, Lottie?

Letter in "Inquiring Photographer" column, *Daily News*, under question, "What vocation would you choose if you had your life to live over?"

Miss LOTTIE GREEN, 825 East 167th street, stenographer and bookkeeper: "I am sure I would do exactly the same thing I am doing now. There is nothing like stenography and book-keeping for a girl when you have the right boss."

* * *

The Philanderings of Mr. Arthur Ashley

One of our correspondents tells a funny one about glimpsing Arthur Ashley coming out of Freeman's the other night with a Jane and an armful of food. Our veteran cor says he thinks the Jane might have been Alma Y—. Wonder was lil Arthur taking the food home to his wife and family,

who are said to be having a tough time at present keeping the larder filled and the rent paid owing to Arthur's carelessness in never taking his meals at home. Maybe since Arthur, as we have heard, has been driving William Harris, Jr.'s car, he's feeling too classy to bother about such a trifling thing as wife and family, and would sooner live in regal style at the N. V. A., than worry his head about them. His sweet little wife and his two children, left unprotected, certainly deserve better treatment. Broadway knows all about it, and Broadway has its own private opinion of Mr. Arthur Ashley.

* * *

We went and told Neil Martin, who shines in one of the most delightful roles in "Only 38" that his name was in the last issue. It wasn't—but here it is, Neil, and good luck to you!

* * *

Getting Bertee's Garter

After Bertee Beaumont was, as reported, given the air from "Bombo" she flopped into a cabaret. Whereupon two well-known Broadwayites had nothing better to do than to vamp down here and ask us to hold the stakes on a bet about Bertee's age. One guy claims Bertee isn't a day over 35 and the other that she celebrated her fortieth milestone on Armistice Day. Now, we know nothing about the facts at all, and wish to preserve perfect neutrality in the argument.

* * *

DON'T SHOOT! THIS IS TO OBLIGE A FRIEND OF OURS

"BLUEBEARD'S 8TH WIFE": "Good Morning Dearie," I'm leaving on "The Six Fifty" with "The Wandering Jew," "Get Together," "The Night Cap" and "The Bat"—we have "The Right to Strike," "The First Year," "Thank You" but "Beware of Dogs" we love "The Mad Dog," it is "The Easiest Way" so "Shuffle Along" "For Six Cylinder Love." "Wait till we're Married" "Sally"—That will be in "Blossom Time"—then I will be "Only 38." "Oh, love Dreams" — "Dulcy," "Just Married" "The White Headed Boy!" "Dear Me," "After Getting Gerties Garter" I can see "A Bill of Divorcement" on "Main Street."—FRANK CONKLIN.

TO GRACE

Just Broadway's best-liked, smartest girl
Where bright lights shine and frivol reigns
Distinction's in her walk and talk
And all pretences Grace disdains.

You wonder who this Grace can be
As you these fervid lines are scanning,
Why, there's but one to fill the bill—
We're simply speaking of Grace Manning!

* * *

BREVITIES was happy to be able to let a little sunshine in among the gray walls of Great Meadow Prison very recently by sending a package of back numbers of the book to Irving Posner, Secretary, to be passed round among the inmates. Mr. Posner writes us: "You have asked us how we like BREVITIES? My answer is that a finer booklet and Journal of Broadway does not exist, and the members have fallen upon me and asked me to try and get some more. We thank you from the bottom of all our hearts"....Which gives a pleasant sensation in a rather chilly world.... We have sent Mr. Posner another big package, delighted to give a little pleasure to these poor shut-ins.

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 3

Do you believe the rumor of the wash-room boy at Jack's throwing up his job because he claimed he couldn't stand the odors from the kitchen?

WHO?

Who is the "detained" picture star of much mediocrity and bought publicity who forgets her old friends, especially the one to whom she was brought under her original name with the request that he take her in hand and "make" her? And wasn't it said in black and white that "Miss — will do ANYTHING to get ahead in pictures!" And didn't the young lady say: "If I meet a live one that can do anything for me I can do stuff that will hold him till hell freezes over!" And didn't the showman take her at her word, and didn't she finally settle upon the boob who grabs off a big unearned increment in pictures, and didn't she do her stuff, and hasn't it held him? In view of these facts it is unwise to pan a friend in

need who can furnish affidavits of the personal submission and degradation of the young woman in question to achieve her ends? Let's hope he hears no more slurs on her part when opening theatres!

* * *

That old query "Where do all the pins go?" has been flabbergasting the curious-minded for generations. It's as big a poser as "How old is Ann?" Another puzzler, rather sociological in its nature, is "where did all the nymphs of the pave go?" You remember when you used to be accosted ten times in one block on Longacre Square. Well, there's no question about it, the police have in the past dozen years made virtually an end of street soliciting, so that an experience of this kind is now about as rare as a genuine bottle of Usher's Green Stripe. However, the old gals certainly didn't all die, and the new crop must be operating somewhere, so it's just a matter of knowing the old town well to discover the present habitat of the gold-diggers. A lot of them are on post, you'll find, in the gilded cafes; a far greater majority in the lawless dance-halls where, as far as we can find out, there's no bar whatsoever to their operations. But the hotel lobbies, principally of afternoons, seem to be the favorite hunting-ground of the soiled doves. For instance, they became so aggressive in the Astor's Peacock Alley that the management actually had to remove all but a few of the settees. We've personally seen a dozen pick-ups in as many minutes in the Astor corridors. Now that the benches have been restored it is expected that a good, lively business will mark the fall season.

Sensation of 1921

"ROLL 'EM AND WEEP!"

**Watch
Next Issue**

Another hotel that hasn't been asleep at the switch is the Biltmore, which, although it poses as one of the ultra-smart resorts, has long been regarded as a choice stamping ground by the little ladies of leisure who sleep until 1 p. m. and seldom hit the hay before 5 a. m. If you will drop in the Biltmore any afternoon from two to four, and survey that cute little lounging room at the head of the main entrance you'll gather what we mean. Should you want to try your hand, you may obtain some interesting information on the present status of the New York *demimondaine*. And also on the difficulty respectable persons find in getting a seat in the alcove of the main lobby.....The Biltmore ought to have a house-cleaning. For its own good.

1,000,000 HOMES

1,000,000 PIANOS

**Will Eventually Have Copies of
"If You Like Me Like I Like You"**

**THAT BEAUTIFUL BABY BALLAD—AND
"STOP! REST A WHILE!"**

THE BLUES FOX-TROT SONG

**Written by L. Wolfe Gilbert
SONGLAND'S FAVORITE WRITER**

**L. WOLFE GILBERT MUSIC CORPORATION
165 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK**



Roaming Broadway with a Gas Mask

Why such infrequent "appearances" of Frank Keeney of late?

?

Who was the sap that had his sweetie's apartment "dictagraphed," and then was compelled to give her up, for on a check up it was proven that what his friends told him about her was TRUE? Awful.

?

Are you as badly bored as we are by seeing pictures of the reformed vamp, Nita Naldi, stuck in different parts of the cut sections?

?

Isn't Alta King an awful trial?

?

Did you hear that Kathlene Martyn's hair is going to be a different color next season?

?

Does the "literary" Berenice Dewey still live in the Village, and if so, why?

?

Is it true that Gladys Loftus can quote you anything right off from Swinburne, Coleridge or Goethe, proving the new intellectual uplift of the chorus?

?

What's all the shootin' for concerning Anna May Clift? What does H—— think about it?

?

What is it about Fania Marinoff's "soulful" expression that drives powerful men to bibulous excess?

?

Where's Harry Mountford?

?

Why has Feeble Phoebe's picture been out of the papers for two days?

?

Not that it could prove of the slightest concern, but maybe you never guessed that the full name of Dolores is Dolores Rose.

?

Has anyone really found out how Perle Germond was hurt when she played Boston with the "Follies"?

?

Did you know that later despatches corrected the rumor of Dolly B—— being "cut out" by Jessie R——? It seems Dolly had given the gent the air nearly a month previous. Jessie, it is said, has lost her punch to do anything along this line.

?

Is Yvonne still crazy about Harry Richman?

?

Doesn't Violet Kemble Cooper, of "The Silver Fox" remind you startlingly in all except height, of "Dolores Rose"? With proper apologies, of course, to Violet.

?

Exactly what is the matter with Helen Lewis? (Now, there's a poser for you.)

?

Why was Billy Boyd so overjoyed (poetry) when the Giants won the series?

Descending to trivialities, yes, our sleuths are still on the milliner Claire robbery at Long Beach, and expect to turn in the finals for next issue. Send in your order now!

?

Does J. W. really know how much Helen Alexander is running around with Al Fink?

?

Can you possibly tell us the whereabouts of "Mrs. Dorris Cameron"? We have a message for her.

?

And the same thing goes for little Florence Hines Cox. Where be ye, Florrie?

?

Who was the mug who complained at the P—— R—— that someone at the table had taken the stuffings out of his potato *souffle*?

?

Who gave the "air"? Leo or Charlotte.

?

"Anxious Inquirer" is hot to learn whether Mildred Sharpe is still on terra firma? You can search us, Anxious!

?

Why is Billy H—— in such bad shape that when you query of him how he's feelin' he rejoins: "*When did you see him?*"

?

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE ASK LOU DAVIS IF HIS FLOOR IS VERY HARD?

?

Now, wasn't it nice of us to promise old pal Bob Kenyon to lay off the reminiscence stuff—at least for the present? How 'bout it, Bobby?

?

Who was the mug that packed his grip and went all the long, cold way to Cleveland to tell sweetie that it was "all off" between them?

?

Who shouted to Belle Bennett, of "The Wandering Jew," so frantically the other day on Times Square—and she never heard a sound of it?

?

What ever HAS become of Reine Newton? Do tell.

?

Is Dorothy Day any relation of Edith Day?

MISS MARION DAVIES

The superb beauty, known as the loveliest blonde in America, whose latest picture "Enchantment" reveals her at the top of her artistic career. Her gown worn in the production was designed by Joseph Urban, and surpasses in magnificance anything of its kind before seen on the silver sheet.

ON OUR DECEMBER COVER



EVAN BURROWS FONTAINE

A new and delightful pose of the famous dance artiste, whose classical portrayals have charmed New York in many noted shows. Miss Fontaine is now appearing at CAFE DES BEAUX ARTS.

"Ye Old Soule Kisse" Celebrated in Burning Prose

Mrs. Anna Ferrotta's Lava-Like Ecstasies Make Sappho
and Elinor Glyn Look Like February First
in a Canarsie Flat

Come hither, children, if you're weak on reading cataclysmic cachinnations of amour, if you've a yen for the red-hot lava of passion, for sizzling, Sapphic serenades of Desire—in the shape of love letters! Gather close around, for we've an exhibit No. 1 that will probably stand for all time in the annals of fevered ferniggling and the morning extras. It's enough to melt the paint off our Underwood to copy some of it, but actuated, as ever, with a wholehearted concern for the entertainment of our readers we intend to see it through, even with our back to the wall.

Anna Ferrotta is the boiling geyser of eroticism by whom the missives were belched forth. Anna's now in Montreal—where the booze is always thickest—far away from hubby, Joseph LeRoy Ferrotta, an electrical engineer of No. 1700 Seventh avenue. Despite his chosen profession, Joe, it seems, didn't store enough electricity to satisfy the aspirations of Anna, for in a casual moment she had looked in the come-hither eyes of no less a relative than Joe's brother Frank, after which first meeting she writes in her diary: "Gee, I know he could be very loving." Those of us familiar with the old stuff know that all bets are off after a hunch like that, so it's no surprise to find that avvocato Weisman a couple of weeks ago put through the courts with neatness and despatch an undefended action for divorce. Anna's up in Montreal, whisking about like any little lambkin in the pleasant pastures of hootch—and she should worry.

Well, to get down to **les moutons**, Anna kept a diary and also wrote a lot of hectic letters while she and hubby's brother Frank were hiking along the primrose lane. One letter offered in evidence by sturdy avvocato Weisman was to her hubby, and contained a full confession. There were, as we say, many others, so let us get down to the hot pantings of desire:

My Dear Frank:

Will you ever forget the Fourth of July?....It is purely physical attraction. I wonder how long it will last?....I was much impressed the first time I saw you. Said to myself: "Gee, I know he could be very loving".... I am just longing for one of those soul-kisses that you are so expert at giving....I laugh whenever I think of the time we had to spend in the bathroom when your grandfather came in. I love to have fun like that....We were so good....I did all my washing in the meantime, etc., etc.....Am glad my photo rests against your heart. All my love and kisses....I wish I could give you the real thing.

Always your ANNA.

If you're a student of the science of soul-kissing, hold onto your chair for the next effusion:

Dearest Frank:

"Ye olde soul kisses that you give me send the thrills up and down my spine....I am writing this letter with hardly anything on. Only Grisey is here to see me. I have not had my bath yet and feel sticky and uncomfortable. Am invited out to a supper for two. Wish you were the second one. We could live on ye olde soule kisses....I like someone that knows how to kiss like you dear. So far, I have known only one other. There is certainly an art in kissing. When I am kissed by someone that knows how, I am all thrills and imagine I am sailing away into the air....Well I will close with a big kiss.... I must now jump into a tub of cold water....

Sincerely and lovingly, ANNIE.

When we mooch along into Annie's diary, we've got still worse coming. Some of the entries are familiar quotations, but when it gets down to brass tacks you can always guess Annie is pushing the old Waterman:

"When I was married I knew nothing of love—and was afraid. My husband soothed me—eagerly. I should learn love after marriage. But now I am very unhappy. My husband was right—I have learned love after marriage. But I learned it from another man....**FOOLISH IDEAS:** That after a woman has lived with one man for a while, she will not care for others. **THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER WITHOUT:** Beards. Jurors who'd believe the testimony of a homely woman in a mash case. Women whose lips say yes when their eyes say no.....Between the glance and the kiss there is always time to think it over. The man with a flannel nightgown sense of morality who is married to the woman with a silk pajama conception of life, will never lack for excitement. Admitting that marriage is a grand institution—who wants to live in an institution? The bride's first burst of tears is a shower of diamonds; her second is a deluge of rhinestones, her tenth is an autumn drizzle."

INTRODUCING

"Milady Beautiful" Beauty Salon

MISS ABBÉ HARRIS

Circle 4454

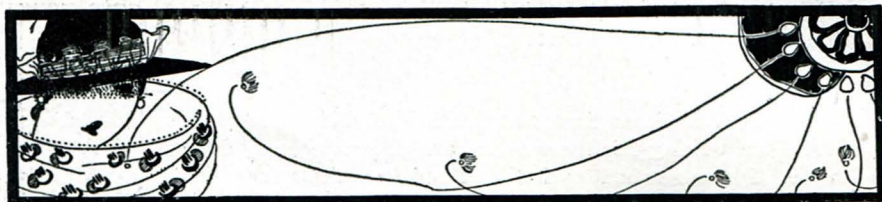
227 West 52nd Street

Everything for the Gentlewoman in Completeness

Special appointed departments in:

**HAIR DRESSING - FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENTS
SHAMPOOING - MANICURING**

Electrolysis Expert in Attendance. Bleaching and Dyeing Our Specialty



Spreading on the Old Horseradish

Ever try to order a single bottle of ginger ale at Murray's for two? Try it!

Who's Jessie Reid's shoemaker? Understanding is that Jessie wears round heels.

Is it true everyone's talking about Muriel Ostriche's happy married life?

How old is Margaret Kay?

On what uptown street is the "House of the Madonna" and could any of the Broadway hotel clerks fix you up with the information?

Who is the costume designer, with a bunch of "under-cover" lady clients who can't break away because Madame would spill the beans?

How many people in New York know what Old Johnny Wanamaker means by that infernal "Au Quatrieme" he sticks in every ad?

Isn't Diana Allen getting very *softig*?

Why has Benny F—— forgotten all his old objection to hootch parties?

Is it true that Bee Savage is to hit the matrimonial hurdles with Larry Sabellos? Wonder if she'll have better luck than Mona, the ex?

Wonder if Lil Tashman has really been sidestepped by Edmund Lowe?

Did Miss Olsen ever put in that call to the Lambs requested by Leo C——? And who was the kind chap who planted her with that show?

Will someone please page Harold Bennett, Alta King's hubby? Hurry up, Harold you're wanted!


Is Florence Normand called "The Hell-Cat," and is it true that this appellation was bestowed by John M. A—— and WHY?

Does Jacqueline Logan ever reminisce on the happy days when she sojourned in the Capitol Apartments?

Did you ever hear about Guy Empey giving Helen Ferguson the "air" at the time she was with Vitagraph?

Was that very nice of Bee Lynch to turn down her old school-days sweetheart, Joe, and make a hike for the Cuban?

*Have You Seen
New York's Greatest Sensation?*



IF YOU are tired of
the whirl of modern life
and the strident blasts of
the metropolis or of the
dull routine of main street

Visit the
RENDEZVOUS

121 West 45 St. (Formerly Chez Fysher)

Where the Sophisticated South Seas
Roll up on the Receptive Shores of New York

*Here GILDA GRAY will entertain with the
"Ared-Rea" the native dance of the South Seas &*

JOSEPH C. SMITH and his ORCHESTRA
direct from the Hotel Plaza
will provide the music which made dancing
with the phonograph a possibility. ~ ~ ~





A Letter From Old Doc Baer

40 W. 57th Street, Nov. 10, 1921

Dear Editor:

My mistake. Pardon me. I thought you were dead and FEC had buried you.

Instead, someone sent me anonymously a postal, calling my attention to BREVITIES' October number, which made me part with 35 cents.

Talk about profiteering: Ten cents would be ample for that number.

I note that you had flattered me by giving me some reading notices in previous numbers. Would you be kind enough to *send me these numbers*?

FEC bouncing me is a laugh. Your having made me stop advertising, is a scream. Don't fear brother Clow; I am preparing a new campaign which I expect to have ready for your edification on or about December first, when my winter campaign of advertising will begin.

You ought to come and see my place, and if you are not a coward, you will come. I dare you! You will see the most beautiful place for the taking care of the demised, void of everything that is dreary or mournful or heartrending. Everything is for the living to honor the dead, not for the dead. I have Parlors for almost every denomination. The Chapel is indescribably beautiful. The Services rendered here are uplifting, consoling and inspire hope instead of despair. But—you will see for yourself when calling, provided, as I said above, that you are man enough to find courage and do so. Be assured that I will be delighted to personally conduct you through the establishment.

When will you call?

Very truly yours,

BERTHOLD A. BAER.

NOW, what do you think of that?..... Hot off the griddle from our old friend, Doc Baer! And in a patent attempt not only to be funny but to conciliate BREVITIES, which has been after both the Old Doc and his nefarious profession tooth and nail for two long years.

QUICKLY following his letter, comes from the Old Doc some pages of a fool sheet called "THE SUNNYSIDE" (just imagine that for a funeral publication!) in which is marked a four-page article, with illustrations, describing the Old Doc's new coffin foundry. Typed at the head of the article by the Old Doc is the invitation: "Come and look it over!..... What a sweet thought!

REALLY, we're beginning to grow gooseflesh on the hunch there's **method** in the Old Doc's advances. That, maybe, he's trying to cultivate us, work us up as a "prospect," for a cute little funeral on our own dear little remains.

IF this is so, we want to inform the Old Doc that we have attached to our Last Will and Testament a Codicil warning our good executors and our good wife that, should they attempt any commerce with the Old Doc for the embowellment of our bones, we shall posi-



PAULINE GARON

Henry Lehrman has acquired the beautiful Pauline as Owen Moore's leading woman in his latest special production. Miss Garon is also one of the most lovely flowers at present in "Lilies of the Field." Exclusive personal direction of Jess Smith.

tively return in spirit form and shave their heads fortnightly for the rest of their lives.

PERSONALLY—as we have said so many times—we have no grudge against the Old Doc, nor against his former blatant master Campbell, nor, for that matter, against any other of the freebooting fraternity. So far as the Old Doc is concerned, he is probably in private life a very amiable and cultured personage. Once he sent us his photograph, which revealed him, as Macaulay says of the photograph of Robert Montgomery, “doing his best to look like a man of genius and sensibility.” It is when the Old Doc is seized by his obsession for deodorizing death, poetizing coffins, revelling in apparatus of embalming and other grisly disjecta of cadavers—in the public prints—that he stirs our bile. For he does it with his tongue in his cheek—we all know he’s simply a deceitful old blather-skite. And he is guilty of the foul-smelling crime of commercializing bereavement, of making the tears and heartaches of fathers, mothers and children a matter of dirty dollars—and of as many of these dirty dollars, you may be sure, as he can cajole from them. Brazen deceit and soulless greed underlie every line of flowery tommyrot that he writes.

THE U. S. Department of Justice is at present in certain investigations that ought to be very interesting to Old Doc Baer. Uncle Sam’s long and relentless arm is about to take a strangle hold on the “coffin trust.” Numbers of undertakers throughout the country have already been caught red-handed in sales of funerals at profits of 300, 500 and 1,000 per cent.!!! Caskets costing thirty dollars sold for three hundred, six hundred and one thousand dollars each!!! BREVITIES, raising its solitary voice against these bandits for two long years, last year printed an interview had at Frank Campbell’s by one of its special investigators, in which admission was made that the undertakers MAINTAINED A LOBBY AT WASHINGTON TO CONTRIVE THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER DEAD! While their official organ, “The Casket” shrieked: “BE UP AND DOING! IT’S A MATTER OF DOLLARS, GENTLEMEN!” Then we told of the *World’s* exposure of undertaker Dargeon on a burial on which his “bill” was cut by the court from eight hundred dollars to about three hundred dollars WHEN IT WAS PROVED THAT THE BODY WAS DUMPED IN THE COFFIN ATTIRED IN THE CLOTHES WORN AT DEATH! Talk about unblushing thievery—if justice was properly meted out, HALF OF THE UNDERTAKERS WOULD BE IN CELLS AT SING SING.

FEW of the sickening bunch, however, are so crafty and rhetorical as Old Doc Baer. He’s the Peerless Sugar-Coater of Caskets. He has made Funerals one of the Fine Arts. Sly old Teutonic gent that he is, he soon learned from his former master, Campbell, that the camouflaging of corpse-handling by elegant burial parlors stacked with Egyptian potteries and Persian prayer-rugs, by palatial “reposing rooms” and deep-toned organs, will *hypnotize the bereaved*. And also *hypnotize their pocketbooks* with neatness and despatch. Compared with his predecessors of ten or twenty years ago, Old

Doc Baer is as a 1921 Rolls-Royce to a 1915 Ford. Most hypnotic of all are his advertisements, which he looks upon with all the fond and delirious ecstasy of the inventor. Not Shelly nor Keats, winging their loftiest flight in the etherous empyrean, excel one of Old Doc's indented boxes in which "whispering roses" and "murmuring violets" are called in to bolster his bastard bathos.

WE protest again, with all our might, as we have protested for years, against Old Doc Baer and all his works. We protest, on behalf of all decent persons, against his advertising methods. We do not believe that any respectable newspaper should allow its space to be used for his unethical and revolting funeral propaganda. Death and Caskets are not a subject for mercenary publicity. Still less are they under the guise of Doc Baer's hypocritical sentimentalities. Still less, again, are they when Doc Baer realizes the filthy odium that at present encloses the undertaking business. And we shall assuredly continue to do our little best to expose the ghoulish practices of the burial squad, which have finally aroused the U. S. Department of Justice and will eventually land some of these thieves in a place where they belong.

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 4

A certain prominent department store on Broadway advertises that anything bought there may be returned if unsatisfactory. Now, this store has a restaurant—

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 5

For the Kleptomaniacs.

**DO YOUR CHRISTMAS
"COPPING" EARLY!**



Full O' Pep!

Enjoy music that *tingles*
with **LIFE** and **SNAP**
and **VERVE** and **ZEST**

MAN!—You ought to
hear

Meyer Davis' Band
AT
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: *The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia*

The Salvin-Thompson Chain

of restaurants, now studding Broadway, make a striking array:

Palais Royal,	
Club Royal	
Montmartre	
Pavillon Royal	
Cafe de Paris	
Folies Bergere	
Moulin Rouge	
The Little Club	
The Rendezvous	{ Personal Direction,
The Piccadilly	{ Gil Boag.

The opening of RENDEZVOUS at 121 West 45, with THE PICCADILLY on the ground floor, both under special personal direction of popular Gil Boag, makes ten pleasure-palaces to date under this famous management. There is not a taste that can not be met in the golden string. Society's meeting-place is the MONTMARTRE, those fond of the elegant bizarre may visit the PALAIS ROYAL at 48th Street and Broadway, or the PAVILLON ROYAL, on the Merrick Road. At the Folies Bergere in the Winter Garden Building is a noted array of entertainers, headed by Benny Davis and Harry Richman, while the Moulin Rouge furnishes to lovers of life and motion the most elaborate cabaret show in America, produced and headed by Billy Arnold. The Cafe de Paris is the old "Rector" Ballroom, in new magnificence, where epics of the dance may whirl to the tunes of the Vernon Country Club Band. The acme of smart exclusiveness is typified by THE CLUB ROYAL on West 52d street. And when every other place is closed you may repair to the LITTLE CLUB, probably the best-known place in the world. Here the incomparable Chevalier Valoff and his urbane aide, Nicolas Colle, give you cordial greeting.

Gil Boag certainly put over a new "note" in decoration and showmanship when he created THE RENDEZVOUS, where Gilda Gray twice nightly does her startling South Sea dance the "Area-Rea." His chop-house, on the English pattern, at same address, THE PICCADILLY is one of New York's novelties, with an oyster-bar set in an environment of fastidious finesse.

* * *

RECENT SOCIAL CALLS

While we're all having a good time the merry little process servers wander up and down the land, shoving their little blue-prints into unwilling fingers. For instings, Howard Strong's Detective Bureau shipped off clever Sigmund Weil, of their staff, the other night and he walked right up, big as life, and pushed a summons on little Roscoe Ails, calling for \$100 for legal services by House, Grossman & Vorhaus. And the very same evening took a flyer into opera by passing a summons to Signor Mario Rodolfo on behalf of the Commandatore Antonio Bagarozzy, same being for damages for breach of contract in the sum of \$250,000.

REG'LAR FELLERS

Jess Smith
Leon Bergman
Dr. Dick Gordon
Nils Granlund
Ralph Farnum
Jack Newmark
Bennie Holzman
Harold Horne
Billy Gibson
"Zit"
George Lamaze
Arthur Coppel
Oscar Mauvet
Harry von Tilzer

That petite French star, Pauline Garon, now appearing in "Lilies of the Field" says she "likes America." And the only thing that worries her is her inability to speak perfect English. Pauline, if you avoid the Bronx express, you'll soon improve!

* * *

Professionals are talking a lot of the MacIntyre Institute, at 8 West 72, a school of physical training. In this school are conducted fencing and horseback riding classes, with equipment for electric reducing, classes being conducted for both ladies and gentlemen.



PEARL SHEPARD

Just one of the nice little girls of ye olde New York, well-known in pictures, and liked immensely by her vast array of friends and admirers.



Doc Baer Says There's Happiness in Every Box

The Very Idea!

Old Mumma Bierbauer is once more in the spotlight. The **Daily News** printed a picture of her daughter, Elsie Bierbauer in their "DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?" department, saying that Elsie made her first appearance in 1897 in the costume shown. Now they've had to "Beg Pardon" for Mumma B indignantly contends that Elsie made her first appearance when she was a little tot of four years of age. Merciful heavens! Elsie is only 28, and it's all a base, low insinuation. All we can say is that shortly after we loped into New York in 1898 we saw Elsie on the stage, and if our memory serves us right she was a darn good distance from childhood's days. Broadway rumor is to the effect that lil Elsie is just about 34 years old by the clock.

* * *

Her thousands of friends and admirers learned with regret a week or so ago that Marguerite Clayton had suffered a serious accident in the studio where she is co-starring with Charles Hutchinson. In one of the scenes, it appears, Miss Clayton was accidentally hit on the face by a falling prop, inflicting a deep gash and other contusions. However, everybody will be pleased to learn that Marguerite will not be scarred from the accident, and will soon be as good as new. By the way, Marguerite is considering an offer from Pathe Freres to go abroad under the direction of Herr Van Loan, the famous Belgian.

* * *

Peggy Shanor's Forgettery

If report is correct, Peggy Shanor has taken on a new admirer in the person of Earle Foxe. We're not concerned in the matter at all, but we'd say, off-hand, that Peggy seems to have a rather short memory for her former devoted cavalier of years, one of the most popular chaps on the Big Way, to whom is due almost all the success Peggy has ever attained in pictures.

Picturedom has probably no more dashing figure than Charles Hutchinson, known for his miraculous acrobatic feats on the silver sheet. Charley is now engaged at the Pathe Studios on "The Recordbreaker," a new special production in which it is said he surpasses all former stunts.

* * *

On west 52d street, at 227, you will find a charming new beauty place, under direction of Miss Abbe Harris, ably assisted by Miss "Jewel." This pretty shop seems to be equipped with every appliance to transform the marks of age into the contours of youth. They have a special department of Electrolysis, which is now becoming so important in beauty treatments.

* * *

Horrors of a Month

The election night yaps

The front-page stuff on the visiting

European celebs

The Carnegie and Aeolian "Recitals"

Harry Pilcer's threatened return

The Grand Opera "finds"

Babe Ruth in vaudeville

* * *

It would be hard to find in New York a beauty shop so unique as "La Regis," situated in the Reisenweber Building at 58th street and Eighth avenue. Their slogan is "Everything to Perfect Milady's Toilette." They also have a Dept. for Children with pretty souvenirs for the kiddies, and to top it all off in novelty and convenience a high-class barber-shop may be found as part of the institution. Courtesy characterizes the entire establishment, which is owned and controlled by that popular New Yorker, S. H. Butts, known to thousands as "Steve." We are sure that any of BREVITIES' readers in need of the service rendered by "La Regis Beauty Parlor" would make no mistake in giving the shop a trial.

* * *

What is Esther Loew's private, honest-to-God opinion of Lil Tashman?



¶
**Helen
Hardick**
¶

More popular than ever
on her return en-
gagement at

¶
**Healy's
"Golden
Glades"**
¶

at 66th Street
¶

CAPITOL BROADWAY at
51st STREET

World's largest, most beautiful theatre devoted to
the Motion Picture

EDWARD J. BOWES, Managing Director

The superior in pictures in conjunction with the
Capitol Grand Orchestra
ERNO RAPEE, Conductor

CAPITOL CHORUS
Capitol Ballet Chorus with Mlle. Gambarelli
and A. Oumansky

CAPITOL PRESENTATIONS
by S. L. Rothafel

Ambling on the Old Rye Way

At the Club Maurice are Monsieur Maurice and Miss Leonora Hughes, the two most famous society dancers of the day. You will note the Club's name, and probably know it was titled after the noted dancer, whose name is widely known on two continents. Their success at Club Maurice has been immense and instantaneous, the elite being drawn nightly by the world-wide repute of these artists. Mons. Maurice is under the exclusive personal direction of his brother, Oscar Mouvet, of Paris.

Mons. Maurice, by the way, considers he is doing his bit on the Peace question, as a party was given by Miss Doris Taylor, the other evening, to Gen. Diaz, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies, with Maurice at his elbow during most of the visit. Maurice & Hughes were first in America, then went to Paris where Maurice owns his own place, known as Maurice's Danses. Both stars were a "riot" in the gay French capital, and during the summer of 1921 appeared at Deauville, the renowned French watering-place, always crowded by the nobility and celebrities of the Continental cities. Their incomparable exhibitions of their art carried everyone by storm. Later in Paris happened the great evening, when, amid a hurricane of applause and cries of "Vive Maurice" "Vive Leonora" a score of enthusiasts rushed onto the floor, some to wring the hand of Maurice and others to raise Miss Hughes on their shoulders to the accompaniment of excited huzzas! It was a night never to be forgotten. These brilliant exponents of the finesse of ball-room dancing will remain at Club Maurice until April, 1922, then returning to that dear Patee, where they once more will thrill their hosts of admirers.

"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE!"

Musical Instruction

Piastro Borisoff
Mme. Blazzejewicz-Ullman
Garibaldi Arrighi
Jacques Gottlieb
Isabelle Rackoff
Paul Wuesthof

Concerts

Kochanski
Telmanyi
Frieda Klink
Silvio Scionti
Hulda Lashanska
Boris Hembourg
Arthur Bodanzky
John Corigliano
Yasha Bunchuk

* * *

The Battle Cry of Booze

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for White Horse!"

* * *

A new invention, which burns monograms or other lettering on wood, leather, or any other porous material has appeared, on view at 1595 B'way, where Mr. L. R. Moritz, who has the United States rights for selling it or his very capable and courteous wife, will be glad to show you how easy it is for anyone to use this very handy tool. It can also be used for all sorts of soldering. During the Xmas-gift period this little instrument, which attaches to any electric light socket, and writes like a fountain pen, ought to go very BIG.

* * *

Louis G. Schwartz, affectionately and better known as "Loo-Loo," son of the well-known caterer, Morris Schwartz, has been presented by his father with the magnificent new restaurant to be opened at Fourteenth Ave. and Forty-first Street, Brooklyn—right next door to Schwartz's first-opened and famous place. The lease on the last-named expires shortly, and, rather than pay an exorbitant rent, Mr. Schwartz senior has decided to build next door on the property which belongs to him.

SHIP AHOY!
Steer Your Way - By the Ray - of the
LIGHT HOUSE CLUB



The Light is
Always Kept
Burning
by

**George
Lamaze**

*"Everybody's
Buddy"*

- ¶ The Food a King Might Eat
- ¶ Prepared by the King of Caterers
- ¶ Merriment, Music, Exclusiveness
- ¶ Broadway's "Fun Place"
- ¶ 3 Steps West of Broadway on 48
- ¶ One Step Down & In
- ¶ Entertainment by Bob Sawyer & Tom Mallie

COME & SEE GEORGE!

207 WEST 48th STREET

Telephone, Bryant 9641

Reminiscence

Seems a long time, doesn't it, Since Gene Buck was a music title-page artist at \$5.00 per?

* * *

And long, too, since the Mosconi's were "taking nickels" in old Philly.

* * *

Soon—where will be "the old, familiar faces"? Now Bat Masterson passes on, human signpost of the Broadway of Yesterday. We used to watch him in the old Shanley's, then in the Longacre Building block, midway between 42d and 43d, sitting in the little side room with Richard Harding Davis over silver mugs of ale. Most nights, after 11, you'd find the two celebrated pals there. Davis is gone these many moons, and now reveille has sounded for his old chum.

* * *

Speaking of Shanley's, just a few feet north was the original Rector's. Old timers will recall it well, with its large room divided at supper hour with an iron hand by soup and fish. We mean that on the right side of the room were seated the evening dress guests, while on the left sat in clouded glory the patrons in business clothes. At the door stood Charley Rector, rosy and smiling, directing with a wave of his hand to heaven or to hell.

* * *

Do you remember the present bumptious Hale Hamilton, the male Polyanna, when he carried a spear in "The Pit"?

* * *

Headline: "Akron of the Tivoli Again in the Toils." There's a name that brings back memories! Memories of the old Tivoli, on 35th near 7th avenue, the swankiest joint of the whole Tenderlion at a date when the young greased hair cubs of today were crawling after molasses sticks or breaking out their first tooth. We can still see the wide-armed chairs and potted palms of the dear old place, the endless color and movement, hear the hub-bub of conversation while the orchestra in the far corner plays "The Good Old Summertime." From 11 to 6 proceeded the ceaseless illicit commerce, but in an atmosphere of light-hearted abandon none of us shall know any more. Where are you now, you poor girls who laughed and joked and drank till dawn crept down the block from Broadway? But here is Akron—of that same Tivoli—still alive and active, in one of the final phases of his almost historic career. And imagine the charge against the once Dictator of the Tenderlion!! Robbing a delicatessen store.

* * *

Probably few of the present generation know that Willie Collier's wife is the daughter of one of the notabilities of other days, Kate Thyson Marr, who wrote one of the most famous books ever published in America, "The Confessions of a Grass Widow." The book is now out of print, but its sale ran into the hundreds of thousands. Of course, as the present historian published it,

he ought to know. Mrs. Marr was a great figure in the life of Broadway in the 1895—1906 period; if memory serves correctly she must have died about the latter year. She lived for a long time in an apartment in the Metropolitan Opera House, at which interesting time Willie Collier was laying suit to daughter Paula's hand. One of Mrs. Marr's objections to Willie, as she told us, was his habit of coming to the apartment of afternoons and promptly dropping into almost impenetrable slumber on one of the couches—not an inaudible slumber, however, for it was his stentorian snores that Mrs. Marr objected to. This was to some degree, very likely, out of concern for her daughter's future knowing full well how difficult a snoring husband can prove. Whether Willie still snores in his sleep only Paula knows.

* * *

Hurtling over the cables comes news that Aimee Crocker Gouraud has cast off her adopted daughter, Yvonne. It seems that Yvonne has planned for her impending bedfellow answers to the handle of Khouri El Noulk, for her recently acquired bedfellow answers to the handle of Khouri El Noulk, and is the son of a Sheik. Broadwayites will recall the rumpus that followed Aimee Gouraud's marriage to Prince Mishnikoff, when the Prince became enamored of daughtie Yvonne and quite forgot his noted though elderly wife. Aimee gave him the air. Strange to say the Prince's infatuation for Yvonne soon cooled, probably on the principle that the car isn't of any particular impressiveness after you catch it. At this writing the Prince and wife Aimee, while undivorced, don't roll down each other's cellar door any more. It all stirs memories of Aimee Gouraud when, in her primrose days, with many tangibilities of youth still left, and her first-night glory rampant on Broadway, she occupied that gorgeous town-house on West Fifty-sixth street, not far from Sixth avenue. We recall a visit one evening, about 1908, when we found her diligently spraying baby Yvonne's throat with something or other, and getting ready to pack her off to bed. We spoke then of her meteoric career. She said she was tired—oh, so tired of it all. And added that her endless activities were really to forget—to forget the one of her husbands, and at that date the latest, whom she mourned with unconquerable grief. Jackson Gouraud, of course. So she gave parties and dinners and teas and Buddha seances unceasingly, her midnight affairs always graced by her then closest pal, Valeska Surratt. Of these midnight affairs many interesting reminiscences fill our mind, not all of them suited to the Post Office regulations.

Aimee, aware of the world of **ton** and the meretricious mimicries of first-nights, suddenly decided to enter another world. Pardon us. We do not mean to insinuate that she sought to shake off this mortal coil. We mean that she decided to enter the world of books—**be an authoress!** She had read of Dolly Dillpickle, of "Why Women Shimmey" being found by reporters buried in Tennyson, and of Pearl Proxide surprised in the act of dashing off the last lines of her volume of verse, "Lips and Lip Sticks." If Dolly and Pearl could get in the literary spotlight, on the gathering wave of the new cultural uplift among the chorus, why not she? But, alas! There was ONE obstacle—and only one. She didn't know how to write!! Up to this time Mrs. Gouraud's literary achievements had been confined to the following: "Dear Vesk: For God's sake don't forget there's a drag on tonight." "Tiffany & Co.: Send me over a couple of bushels more pearls right away." So it was necessary to find someone to create the masterpiece. Eureka! **Her secretary!**

At this time Mrs. Gouraud had a secretarial **fides achates** in the form and

substance of one, Harold Sussman, a young man of striking literary gifts. Harold was commissioned to fashion the great *opus*. Several months later, prowlers in the bookshops found a little book of stories, with a large gold moon on it, entitled "Moon Madness" by Aimee Crocker Gouraud. Its sale was big. Soon Aimee was hailed as the new literary lioness—the modern Mrs. Leo Hunter of fiction. But no one guessed, and few to this very day even suspect, the real authorship of the work. Harold Sussman, its author, went on prosily inditing invitations and receipting bills for his millionaire mistress, while edition after edition of "Moon Madness" dropped from the presses. Harold is still about town, still penning brilliant things, still hid in the limbo of his ravished glory.

* * *

Caruso....Gone!...Most wonderful and touching of all human voices stilled. We listened to him, at least fortnightly, for thirteen years, inside and outside the "rail," rarely missing the immortal thrill of the opening night, when, after the year's silence, you saw his black head pushing through the peasants again in "Pagliacci," or saw him erect before **Rhadames** as the curtain rose on "Aida." In several of the operas, such as "Elisir d'amore" or "Boheme" you had always great enjoyment, if near the stage, from the intimacies unobserved by those farther back. We recall evenings of "Rigoletto" when, as he sat at the little table singing "La donna e mobile," his grimaces and comicalities in the intervals sent the front rows into contortions of merriment. It was a peculiarity of Caruso—and yet, perhaps, it was not!—that his incomparable gifts as a singer were united to a genius for clowning antics.

* * *

Grown older, though, with frequent throat troubles, with certain impairments of health known only to his doctors, and with the ever-present and frightful fear of a vocal breakdown, his gay spirits suffered a fixed eclipse. We used to see him, in the east room of the old Knickerbrocker, sit silent at table, with his head on his hand, while Scotti and De Seguro made merry as his table companions. But what a full life he had lived, suffused with a glory that comes to few men. As to his rivals, it might be fitly said, in Macaulay's line, that "he was first, and the rest nowhere." They were, none of them, fit to lace his shoes. And how well it was for him to die at his zenith, spoken of with affectionate reverence by millions, this great man; how mournful for us to think of ourselves, moths of a little day by contrast with him who held the world in tenure and will hold it generations after we are gone.

* * *

Pardon us if our excavations in the past now lead us from golden strata into lodes of iron pyrites. Those in the profession who contract flat feet trying to see Harry Bestry for a job, are probably unaware that, about three and a half years ago, Harry pursued a far different avocation. For at that fascinating date, Harry was one half of the hoofing team of Beasit & Bestry, knocking 'em dead in the sticks. And, surveying Harry's present condition of hauteur and sartorial elegance, you'd never dream that his partner and he used to pull down the magnificent honorarium of one hundred fish per week. With comms., R. R. fares, eats and lodging deducted there's no reason to believe that the boys netted weekly a cent less than \$20.00 each. In view of these early struggles no one will begrudge the myth-like Harry, either his present prosperity or the honor recently conferred on him of Presidency of "THE BUNK CLUB."

* * *

Everyone on Broadway, irrespective of profession, has sympathized for

two years with Nellie Revell in her physical affliction. For that period she has been a patient in St. Vincent's Hospital, with an obscure disease of the spine, now, happily, yielding to treatment. For some years prior to the seizure, Miss Revell was the glittering publicity promoter of the John Cort attractions, and it was her reputation that she brought shows into New York with more front-page spreads than were obtained by all the other p.a.'s put together. Our frequent calls on Miss Revell in her little office in the Longacre Building created the basis of a substantial friendship, which would probably have increased more and more had she not, in the last two months of her activity, exhibited signs of the utmost irritability. We are sure she will not, if she reads this, mind our recalling the day she ordered us from her office. You remember Charles Lamb's exquisite account of the misunderstanding in which he involved himself with a Caledonian friend when, one day, on showing the picture of a lady, he asked, "How do you like my beauty?" Well, in a moment of similar facetiousness we chanced to remark, to Miss Revell, the delightful chaos of her desk, adding that that was always the sign of a busy office. She broke into a fit of ungovernable fury. "If you don't like the condition of my desk, why come in here and be annoyed?" We backed frightenedly to the door. But we later understood. And we shall be very happy when we can personally welcome the brilliant presswoman again in the haunts she loves and adorns so well.

* * *

There's one personality on Broadway who links the old days with the new. When you disembark from your car in front of the Cafe de Paris, you notice the courteous door-man who helps you to alight. Well, he is the same door-man who stood for years in front of the old Rector's. And he doesn't look a day older.

NOW OPEN!—THE NEW SHOP OF
POLLEE & LUCILLE
 GOWNS, HATS
 AND TAILORED FROCKS

SMARTEST IMPORTED FROCKS
 STYLISH BUT MODERATE

227 West 45

Miss Pollee—formerly with Mme. Hammer

Miss. Lucille—formerly of Algonquin Hotel

"A Welcome to All Our Old Friends"



WITH THE BARON THROUGH WALL STREET

This page is for the Investor and the Speculator.

It is my object to guard the reader against those brokerage firms known as Bucketshops and I will attempt to bring to your attention any house "down on the street" which is neither safe nor sound to trade with.

Every brokerage firm listed in this publication has been thoroughly investigated by me as to its financial responsibility and I do not hesitate to conscientiously recommend same to you.

A resume of the past month and a few predictions for the coming weeks might be used as a guide.

The past few weeks showed a wonderful improvement in the market conditions and increased trading started almost all issues on the upward march. By all indications it appears that the public takes an interest, and goes back into the market—slowly but surely.

Oil stocks apparently were the first ones to recover from the long depression.—Steel, Industrials and Equipments also improved their position considerably and now that the Railroad strike seems a thing of the past conservative traders may get "on the rails" for a safe ride.

Oils continue to pick up. It would not be surprising to see Pacific Oil reach par. (100). Middle States Oil and White Oil should also be good for several points. Cuban Cane Sugar and Colombia Graphophone are still low enough to be taken into consideration in an advancing market.

About Foreign Exchange I will not say much, but I advise you, dear reader, to do the same thing I did—go and have a chat with Mr. Pierce of the American Exchange for International Commerce at 13 Stone Street. He knows all the In's and Out's or rather the Up's and Down's of Sterling, Francs, Lire and Marks.

A few days ago I met a pretty little maid whom you all know—three guesses, and if you guess right I give you a good tip on the market—we had luncheon at Schrafft's on Broad Street. (Ran into an old friend of mine, Abe Mellman of Mellman Brosler & Co., 11 B'way. Abe knows how to make money and lets his friends in on it now and then. Call him up and mention The Baron. Tell him to sell you a couple of shares of the SECURITIES ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION. After sweetie had finished with her sweets, I took her up to the offices of C. C. James and Co. at 1 Wall Street and introduced her to Walter Thompson, Jr. Thompson is a very courteous fellow and after explaining "the game of the street" to the little lady, referred us to the up-town office in the Times Bldg. Dearie liked the excitement so much and asked me to see some other offices, and who could resist a request from a pretty little damsel? We were just in front of No. 32 Broadway and I thought we could peep in at Eugene Callahan and Co. and



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THE INCOMPARABLE

Ted Lewis

The World's Greatest Musical Entertainer

And His Own Celebrated Band

(Courtesy of the Greenwich Village Follies)

Meeting Place of the Elite for

DINING and DANCING

HOSTESS IN CHARGE Miss MARGARET IRVING

see how Ralph Windhorst's newly acquired moustache is coming along. Ralph had just returned from a trip thru Pa., where he is establishing offices for the firm. He surely does know his business and if you want to get some information about stocks get in touch with him.

If you should happen to pass the Knickerbocker Office Bldg., don't fail to stop in at Stillwell, Leffler and Lowe, a very high class firm, known by their clients for the excellent service they render. The downtown office is at 40 Exchange Place and a little talk with Mr. Stillwell, whom you will find a very conservative business man, might be of great advantage to you if you are not averse to making some easy money.

I may also mention that Gamble and Yates, 82 Broad Street, have made application for a seat on the Consolidated Stock Exchange. You can take a gamble with them and feel perfectly safe.

Whenever you are down in the "Eldorado" I want you to go and see an old friend of mine Harry Lawrence; he is with Maxwell, Hill & Reyher at 67 Wall Street. Just tell him the Baron sends you. Mr. Hill you will also find a very interesting chap worth knowing.

While hanging around down there I inquired what had become of a firm I used to deal with, Feinberg, Weiss and Co., 30 Broad Street. They had trimmed a client of mine for a few thousand greenbacks and I learned that they are being held by the District Attorney under a grand larceny charge. I might also refer to the sudden bankruptcy of Bruen & Stake as illustrating the risk of dealing with unlisted houses on the Street. Beware of "bunches" like these!

A report of one of my sleuths states that a former partner of the famous or rather infamous firm Garnett & Co., a "bucket shop which went up the flu," opened offices again at 50 Broad Street under the name of Harburger and Co. My advice: Ye—Who enter here leave your money behind. (A free version of Dante's "Inferno.")

Watch the market, dear reader, and see what kind of a prophet I am. Anything you like to know, I am only too happy to answer. Just address, THE BARON, c. o. BREVITIES, 1400 Broadway.

Sing, Durn Ye! "I Won't," Sez Nora

Shiver our pumpkins, but here we are with another story about Nora Bayes. Seems every time we poke our nose out the door someone sidles up with a new anecdote. This time it refers to the sweet thing's mix-up with the Victor Talking Machine Co. Now this may be all ancient history, but you know Nora once on a time sang for the Victor records. She might have been singing yet if a little difference of opinion hadn't arisen as to the melodies to be used. Nora wanting certain ones and the entrancing old Victor people others. To make a short story snappier, Nora insisted on singing the selections SHE thought appropriate, while the Victor management in their own modest way thought THEY knew what was best for everyone concerned, seeing they had only several millions invested in the enterprise. Nora would NOT sing what they wanted, and was pushed out into the circumambient. And there you are. But what a treat this has proved for buyers of Victor records!!!

"Where Necessities are a Pleasure!"

LA REGIS BEAUTY PARLOR

"The Rendezvous of the Elite"

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Milady's Toilette*

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"The New Shop of New Modes"

DORIS REID

*Creator of Exquisite Gowns
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EACH MODEL MADE TO ORDER

Individual originators in imported Fabrics
Ranging in Price from \$65.00 to \$150.00

Bryant 1483

108 WEST 44

Our "Impression" of some "Impressions"

We've always thought a lot of Jenny Lind, that is from hearing about her. Until the other evening in a vogue house we had our dreams rudely shattered when out came "Lucille Chalfante"—whoever she may be—with "Impressions of Jenny Lind." There is an old saying about celebrities turning in their graves. If it is true, the bones of Jenny Lind must be doing a shimmy. Isn't it about time that ordinary sopranos

were mildly but firmly restrained from these irritating "imitations" of the great voices of the past....Gee, but we almost forgot the interesting part. "Lucille" has a PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE!!! Shades of Dixie Hines!

* * *

Everyone is speaking of the exclusive smartness that marks the productions of DORIS REID, Creator of Gowns, at 108 West 44th. "Individual Originations" are the keynote of Miss Reid's gowns, many of them in imported fabrics.

HOME-COOKED MEALS

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GIOLITO'S CEDAR GARDEN

LEADING ITALIAN RESTAURANT

120 - 22 - 24 - 26 WEST 48th STREET

Luncheon from 12 to 3 p. m.

Dinner from 5 to 9.30 p. m.

A la Carte Specialties

Is it really all off this trip between Perle Germond and her sweetie?

?

Is it true, according to what Ada Mae Weeks asserts, that the press agent of the show centers his publicity on Ada herself and three other of the girls?

?

And, if so, isn't Dr. Leo Michel, an old friend of Ada's, tickled pink to see the little flapper get those rotogravure boosts?

?

Why does Sol Mamlock think that Texas is the best state of the South?

?

Are the Broadway producers blind to the public's favorite, when brilliant Vivienne Segal is permitted to remain idle while gingerbread stars usurp the Big Way's footlights?

?

Did you hear about the reporter who called at the Lyric the other day to get an interview from some of the cast of "The Three Musketeers"?

?

Shakespeare Revised

"Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown."

"It's a wise father that 'noes' his own child."

"Sweet are the uses of perversity."

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a White Horse!"

"One 'touch' of nature makes the whole world skins."

"For we must take the currants when they're served."

"BREVITIES is the soul of wit."

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All competent pupils will be placed in my own production. Two shows now in preparation.

"Jack Blue's Foolish Follies" and "The Dancing Blues."

Call and talk it over, JACK BLUE, formerly Dancing Master for Geo. M. Cohan, Ziegfeld Follies, Ned Wayburn and others. STUDIOS, 233 W. 51ST STREET, near Broadway. Circle 6136

Stage Dancing and Voice Culture Taught by Mail. Send for Prospectus.

One of the social sheets carried an interesting paragraph the other day as to the "terms" confronting little ladies who fain would adorn the chorus of Broadway shows. Little ladies, of course, will insist on decorating something or other, but dearest of all aspirations to their palpitating hearts is a secure and prominent place in the merry-merry, beset though this worthy aspiration is by a thousand impediments. Given a pair of lovely legs, however, the obstacles besetting their ambition are smoothed away to a considerable extent. Though their necks may sadly need Ivory Soap and they insist on calling the waiter with their fork, these lovely legs, if brought in the proper and advantageous purview of the manager or "producer" will usually correct all other shortcomings. The magazine above alluded to cited an incident of a "big" manager given, on Saturday nights, to the inviting of a dozen of his flapper spear-carriers to some Long Island millionaire's castle, where—they were permitted to understand—they would remain until Monday to entertain and divert a bunch of tired and wealthy business daddies. Those who agreed were promised immediate promotion in the show. For instance, instead of holding up the rubber-plant, fourth drop right, they'd be given the following remark to the star, finale of first act: "May I give you these roses for your birthday, Miss Genevieve." But if they welched on the Saturday-Monday stuff—TWO WEEKS' NOTICE! As bearing on this, we heard, just the

other day, a funny story. A pretty little English actress, after touring the Cockney provinces in "The Man from Toronto" came to this country with her husband. Not long after she was invited, with some hesitancy on her part, to an apartment party by a prominent producer of Booze Alley whose initials might, by accident, be E. S. She finally consented to go—alone. After the private blow-out the entire outfit adjourned to an uptown restaurant to enjoy the dancing. Here she was taken for every dance by the "prominent producer," and it was while in the sinuous gyrations of the jazz that he told Miss British of his infatuation. "I have NO girl, now" quoth he—"no girl; and I want you. Be mine, and I'll star you in my newest show. See me tomorrow at 2 and we'll make all arrangements.".... The magnate of the footlights is still waiting for her call.

* * *

Isn't it remarkable how many girls will insist on going into a man's bedroom to fight for their honor?

* * *

Beware of the hard-boiled chippies with the soft-boiled eyes.

* * *

Please pardon us for the oversight, Carroll! This being addressed to Carroll Peirce, of the Palace Theatre staff, who is doing his best to honor the memory of Roosevelt by recently adding to his home a bouncing baby girl, weighing, yes sir, 8 pounds! And her name will be Carol.

ARTISTS' REPRESENTATIVES

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and

RUFUS Le MAIRE

Bryant 841

1493 B'way

EDGAR DUDLEY

Artists' Representative

PUTNAM BLDG. Bryant 841

In the Container, it Hurts!

You've heard the old vaudeville wheeze about the hubby who said his wife loved to hurl tomatoes at him. But that unfortunately they were in the can when she did it. Some such gag might be pulled by Gilbert L. Johnstone, head of a Manhattan printing concern, sued in separation proceedings the other day. He testified that Mrs. G. had a penchant for applying hair tonic to his dome. Regrettably, however, the tonic reached his headpiece in bottle form, furnishing no fertility whatsoever to his hair but instead raising large bumps on his cranium. The late war saw many novel instruments of destruction come into use, but up to this date domestic warfare has never invented anything quite so original as hair tonic.

* * *

The Soul-Kiss in Chicago

Wives who are curious as to the particular fascination that holds a hubby are respectfully asked to ponder the case of Mrs. Marion Miller, of Chicago. Marion asked her hubby why his love had shifted to another dame, Miss Florence Taylor. She queried: "Is she more beautiful than I?" "You are far more beautiful!" he answered. "Is her personality more interesting?" "If you insist upon knowing it, I will tell you" he continued. "I must tell you that it is her kisses. Your kisses were always given dutifully, while hers vibrate with the essence of life." Now as likely as not Florrie has cross-eyes and pigeon-toes, and as soon as this rummy Romeo notices that the bets will be off, and he'll be home at the dinner-table again!

* * *

"Collier's Weekly Has a Secret Service

Did you ever get a cute little letter from C. F. Cameron, Post Office Box, 20, N. Y. reading as follows. "COMMUNICATE WITH ME IMMEDIATELY?" If you ever did, you probably threw a fit. Your shins rose up to confront you. It has every earmark of an official command. Visions of Post-Office Inspectors, Secret Service operatives danced before your eyes. "Ah," you said to yourself, "they've got me at last! I knew I wasn't quite careful enough in taxiing that last case of hootch to my apartment. Now I realize what a mad thing

it was to spend that week-end with one of the "Follies" girls across the state line. Well, I suppose I'll have to take what's coming to me." So, with trembling digits you reply to the ominous epistle. In a couple of days you get a reply. But it's not from the Department of Justice. It's from that pesky old weekly that's been apparently on its last legs for five years past, COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Mr. "Cameron" turns out to be simply the Credit Manager, and this is the artifice which little Cammy has employed to find you. Of course you will admit that a little balance of \$8.43 on a blasted old set of books you got from them in September, 1898, had slipped your mind. That's not the point, however. The point is whether the trick letter for COLLIER'S WEEKLY by the sweet C. F. Cameron is not an infringement of the Post Office Regulations. We are going to find out.

* * *

Hurrah! Ada Mae Weeks a Lemon Cream

testimonial girl! Noonan's Lemon Cream has grabbed Ada. She says, under her picture in the **News**, "It is very beneficial to the skin." She doesn't say whose skin, but we presume it's Ada's. The question is, what is it these noted actresses get out of "testifying" for creams and corn-plasters that they will make themselves ridiculous by lending their photographs to every nostrum that comes along?

=====

For proper aid to Beauty

Honeydew Face Powder . 59c

Honeydew Face Cream . 50c

Complete Line of
Theatrical Make-up

Honeydew Perfumery Co.

1539 Broadway

New York City

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 5

Friend of ours who lives in the Princeton got back to the hotel the other morning at 4 and suddenly recalled he had forgotten his key. "Honey," he yelled, "please throw down the key!" Nineteen keys fell at his feet.

Persons We Could Worry Along Without

La Marquise de Fontenoy (of the Sun)

Joe Vila (of ditto)

Old Doc Riesenfeld

* * *

In spite of the most specialized effort errors will creep into BREVITIES. For instance, last month, in a moment of temporary aberration, we described someone called Margaret Kay as "a cute little armful." Will you forgive us?

* * *

THANK YOU!

News of the present whereabouts of Mary B. Preston and Cardinal Peairs would be greatly appreciated by BREVITIES, Inc.

* * *

* * *

Adenoid Item

Is it true that Erminie Gagnon, who vamped in "The Man Who Pays," contends that the point she most admires about Pedro de Cordoba are his nostrils.

* * *

One of the most popular buddies in the moving picture business is "Buddy" Shyer. He comes from dear old Tennessee, and it must be the sunshine in his ways that causes palpitation in all the female bosoms that come near him.

* * *

The Arbuckle case has certainly stirred up a lot of hornets' nests. Skeletons have come tumbling out of one closet after another since the ill-fated party at the St. Francis Hotel. For instance, we hear that no less a screen fixture than D. F—— was obliged to pack up and leave Tulsa, Okla. two or three weeks ago, for indiscreet advances made to a certain young lady recently honored as the most beautiful American girl. Our informant on the Coast adds that D. F's exit had all the features of an "excited populace" about it.

"DO IT NOW"

Lawrence Grossmith, who plays the much married novelist in William Faversham's "The Silver Fox," was a guest at the Dinsmore wedding, subsequently attending the reception at the home of Mrs. Vincent Astor at 640 Fifth Avenue. Which of course is all tremendously thrilling. But the wedding wasn't. The bridegroom didn't drop the ring, nor the bride even a curtsy, and all the sub-debs told their jokes in discreet whispers. We couldn't help overhearing one, though. It was something about a couple who were married in the early morning and had a wedding breakfast at nine. One of the bridegroom's intimate friends, who had been out of town and had just heard that his best friend was about to commit matrimony, rushed in on them. "When's the wedding?" he panted. "Why we were married this morning," they answered ecstatically. "What a ghastly thing to do," he murmured, "what on earth will you do with yourselves all day!" One of the other sub-debs tried to improve upon the story by pulling something about a card with one of those helpful business mottoes on them, that hung on a desk which was a wedding present—but it wouldn't interest you.

**WHITE LILIES ARE
PLACED IN THE HANDS
OF DEAD ONES**

**LILIES OF THE FIELD
ARE FOUND IN THE
HANDS OF LIVE ONES**

*For direct information
see*

**MARIE DORO in
"LILIES OF THE FIELD"
With NORMAN TREVOR**

KLAW West 45th St. Evs., 8.30
MATS. TODAY & SAT.

“WHO’S WHO” AMONG REPRESENTATIVES

In our October issue we penned our praises of a certain progressive young man who acts as a Personal Representative for the movie folk. We then told of our knowledge of his excellent character and honest business methods. We picked him as an exception in his chosen profession, for our candid opinion of the latter smacks not of sweet flavor.

With adequate editorial hauteur and disconcert we failed to mention our subject’s name, taking it for granted that all BREVITIES readers would spot him first shot. But, alas! we have since received a ring from a solitary dumbell with the following inquiry: “Who the hell are you talking about? Is there such a guy among the agents?” To appease this him’s thirst for knowledge, we will now and for all time clear up the mystery. The name in question is that of Mr. JESS SMITH.

In our first story we predicted an early rise to success and we are very happy at this writing to tell of this young man’s progress.

Mr. Jess Smith has since taken larger and more spacious offices at the same address at 114 West 44th Street. He has also opened a foreign branch in Paris at 6 Rue de la Paix under the supervision of Mercantin. His branch offices on the coast is situated at 6324 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles. A technical department has also been added to the New York offices under the supervision of A. Bela Viragh-Flower.

Atta boy!! Jess!

* * *

Sigmund Weil summons expert of Howard Strong’s Detective Bureau stepped up to Herbert Mack and Sam Scribner on the 15th with an Order for Exam. before Trial from Fred Irwin. Scribner was chewing tobacco when the papers arrived.



We have recently heard, in connection with the work of Dr. Theodore Kohler, pictured above, of some remarkable successes he has achieved with what are known as “nervous” or “mental” cases.

* * *

You probably do not require to be told that the most obstinate afflictions known to medicine are these cases—to which Chiropractic seems most miraculously adapted. As a Psycho-Analytic master of Chiropractic healing methods Dr. Kohler’s fame is long since established—exceeding that of any other practitioner in this country.

* * *

Professional people, who are peculiarly subject to nervous disturbances, should be made aware of the godsend that Chiropractic would be to them, and more particularly of its power in the hands of its greatest exponent, Dr. Theodore Kohler. Dr. Kohler may be reached at Watkins, 7692, which is 424 West 24th street.

109 W. 46

Est. 1866

G. SHINDHELM

the old reliable

WIG MAKER

Bryant 3726

The Ginks Who Omit Name and Number on Their Places of Business

"Time was found at the close to compel house owners in New York to put up street numbers, or the city will do it and charge the cost on the tax bill"—From Report of last Legislative session at Albany.

Wonderful! Marvelous! Away down in the corner of an evening paper we found and rescued this precious item. It's enough to cover all the other sins of the session, including the heinous prohibition measure.

Ladies and gentlemen, did you ever start out on one of the side streets of our beloved burg to find a number. Indeed, have you ever walked for blocks along Broadway, along Fifth and Sixth Avenues in the same modest quest? Indeed you have—and you will clap your hands in glee at the thought of punishment at last being meted out to a numberless host of number-less silly asses.

But don't blame it all on Broadway—just trudge over to Fifth Avenue and have a peek at the Tiffany and Altman buildings! See if you can find either name or number on these imposing structures? If so, you're a better man than we are, El Bart Gin. Name and number they have none. They might be jails or lunatic asylums as far as any identification goes. Stupidity and snobbishness have done their perfect work on these nude and stony facades.

Especially infuriating is the obvious implication that the Altman and Tiffany names are so boisterously well-known throughout our fair land and city that name and number are superfluous. Yet thousands of New Yorkers, and tens of thousands of out-of-towners have no more idea of the location of either store than they have of Joe's Beefsteak Parlors. At the same time you would think that ordinary business precedent and usage, even in infantile activity, would prompt Altman and Tiffany to blazon their names and numbers so that the wayfaring shopper, though a fool, might stop, look and listen.

Let us take a suppositious instance of the serious loss of trade that might occur to one of these bumptious, blockhead concerns from omission of name and number. We will suppose that a wealthy Kansan, an entire stranger in the city, comes here with wife and lambkins, after reading themselves chockful of the Altman ads, to do their summer shopping. They put up at the Claridge, and sally forth to find the Altman store. They have a vague idea it is near 34th Street, on the avenue, and sail along the famous thoroughfare of rouge and short skirts looking for the sign. It is nowhere visible. They do notice a large building at 34th resembling a Storage Warehouse or a penitentiary, but it awakens no suspicion. Finally, after a half hour's search, they give up the job in despair—and walk into McCreery's where they

leave a couple of thousand dollars for suits, corsets and hats. Two thousand dollars, mind you, specially intended for the Messrs. Altman, and lost to them because they don't put their name outside. Multiply this suppositious case by hundreds weekly, and you will have the measure of the Altman stupidity and folly.

Yes, that's a marvelous enactment at the last minute, by the Albany wisecracs. We recommend, however, that when the city officials attend to the Altman and Tiffany concerns they take along the Fool Killer with them!

Dorothy Dickson

Animated marrows darting deliriously to the surging of the viol, the mellowness of the cello, the blatant blare of the brasses. Bernhard of hoofers, her toes could kick the minute-hand off the Singer timepiece. When standing on her hands, many think the cerebral substance is in the right position. Success congested both in head and feet. Her triumph one great depression to the Cognoscenti: a million frails pirouette with tummies protruding and shoulders lunched, aping her. Which is futile mimicry. More than one Dorothy Dickson?—perhaps. But only one Hyson, without whom she would be as lost as a mole on the hip of a Carmelite Sister..

* * *

Wasn't it funny to see "Bob" Law get the little folded paper while enjoying his lunch at the Claridge, and did it call for a cute little appointment in one of the Municipal courts?



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and Sixth Avenue

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PLAZA 5832-5833

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Supper

The "Free Verse" Reds and the "Cubist" Humbugs

Just before he died John Burroughs, the famous naturalist, poet and essayist wrote for the magazine *Current Opinion* an article that ought to be reprinted and distributed in millions of copies throughout these *Etats Unis*. This article was entitled "The Reds of American Literature," meaning the "free verse" poets, and gives them such a walloping as only an immortal of the old school could administer. We wish we could reprint the critique in full in BREVITIES, to do our small part in impaling the pests, headed by Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg and other nonentities, who think that poetry can be written without rhyme and by the simple artifice of splattering a lot of commonplace adjectives into a series of lines of unequal length. Burroughs makes one quotation, from a free-verse imbecile named Sandburg, that we must quote as an unholy example:

"My shirt is a token and a symbol,
more than a lover for sun and rain,
my shirt is a signal
and a teller of souls.

"I can take off my shirt and tear it,
and so make a ripping, razzly noise,
and the people will say,
'Look at him tear his shirt.'"

Which also suggests the bunch of painters, calling themselves Cubists, Futurists, etc. They need the attention of the Fool Killer even more than the *vers libre* rhymesters. This half-starved squad of pests, including such psychological curios as Einstein and Brodsky, contend that a jumble of crazy parabolic daubs on a piece of canvas is a "picture." Between puffings of Bull Durham from foul-smelling pipes they will assure you that their "paintings," looking, to an impartial observer, only like the products of delirium, are of a new art compared to which the art of Rubens and Vandyke is a silly sham. And the funny part of it is, they get some people to believe them. But if you will investigate you will find that their following consists of the persons who like sport collars, eat off dirty china in Greenwich Village joints, bathe irregularly, wear whiskers, and army shoes, pick their noses in public—and do a thousand other things that eccentrics do. Some great English writer said that "a critic is one who has

failed in art or literature." The Cubists and the Free Verse idiots are the ones who, finding themselves totally incapable of success by the settled and immortal canons of the ages, have turned to the freakish and the bizarre to gain attention. They would sooner be kicked than not noticed. It is pleasant to reflect that their reign will be short—that Art is a jealous mistress, and that she will soon spew out of her mouth these freakish pretenders who try to bastardise her sacred laws.

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" No. 7

God's mercy is transcendent. For to most of those females of the species with faces like a bum check he gives Frankie Bailey legs.

Miss Billie Shaw and her Six Young Men of Syncopation are scoring a hit on Keith time with a clever dance and pantomime number, "Vampires of 1921." Watch for her important Announcement in our Xmas issue!

All the 72d street folks like to eat at ANDREWS, 270 Col. ave., where fine food is served at most moderate prices in a congenial atmosphere.

Lee Tanton, famous dancer, is now rehearsing an act of his own with Agnes Dunne.

REUBEN opens a magnificent new shop shortly at 81st. and Bway. Service to be a la carte, but will still continue to dispense "the world's best sandwich."

ADELE HATS at 160 West 45, ever in the lead, announce stunning new models in satin for the season, also in other novel materials. ADELE has just received a big stock of hats direct from her Paris head-

quarters that are "dreams." See them, girls, and be quick or they'll all be gone.

Old esteemed pal, George Lamaze, seems to have the "unique" spot of New York at his LIGHT HOUSE CLUB, 207 West 48. Everyone is talking about the good times there and the marvelous food. His clever brother, Louis Lamaze, is manager. Cigars are by Ben Horowitz, Greetings by Jack Burnes, entertainment by Bob Sawyer, Tom Mallie and Bert Grant. "Eats" by Rene Fontaine. And George himself sticks right around up to closing. Always steer straight for the LIGHT HOUSE.

Our good pal, Doctor Clarke is the man who will make the world "roll" round. He's got a new indoor sport called "Roll 'Em and Weep"—and you'll be doing it one of these days. Just sit tight and await startling developments!

Need a Wig? If you do, have "the old reliable," G. Shindhelm, make it. He's at 109 West 46, just a step from you.

Welcome to the new business management of GIOLITO BROTHERS, and their splendid restaurant at 124-6 West 48th street, Giolito's Cedar Garden! Here the epicure may find food to his taste, amid beautiful surroundings, and with courteous service.

Visit the FLORENCE BEAUTY PARLOR, 203 West 49th street, "The Shop of Satisfaction," scalp and facial treatments, shampooing and massage by experts.

SANDWICHES COLD CUTS STEAKS AND CHOPS

LINDY'S

Delicatessen Shop and Restaurant

1626
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RIVOLI THEATRE
NEXT DOOR

YOU'LL BE WELL PLEASED !

-- BY A VISIT TO --

FANNY'S BEAUTY SHOP

"The Shop of Personal Attention"

**HAIRDRESSING - MARCEL WAVING - SHAM-
POOING - FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT**

169 WEST 47

Opp. Stage Entrance Palace Theatre

DIDJA EVER HEAR OF THE GUY

who cabled Shakespeare asking Bill to name his own price for the picture rights on "Hamlet"?

who, on the opening night of "The Beggar's Opera" at Greenwich Village Theatre, called excitedly for the author?

who, hearing one of Sydney Smith's brilliant *mots* quoted broke out with: "Aw, gwan withya—that booking agent never wrote nuthin'!"

who, on hearing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony at Carnegie Hall, asked a friend: "How come that guy never finished that piece"?

who, when a chum said he had to break away to go and see "Hamlet," exclaimed: "Bring him round to the apartment after the show!"

who, when asked how his son was getting on at Yale, replied: "Great! It's only his second year, and they've put him at work in the lavatory."

Why did Tallulah Bankhead go out to get the laundry and never return?

* * *

Did you get a lamp at Estelle Winwood's new Britisher? All the little ladies of the Broadway chorus are just dying to know who his Ludship possibly can be.

* * *

Is it true that Hixon Connolly, the Kansas City photographer, is "confined," as all the Broadway stars who visit him when west are in mourning?

* * *

ROASTED "NUTS"

"A fire occurred at North Beach, Long Island, last evening when a dance hall was destroyed by fire."

—The News

Just as we were gasping in a fit of the blues the other day our eye lighted on this item. It pulled us out instantaner. And proved that life isn't so hopeless after all when you can roll your orbs over cheering news like this once in a while.

We hear that Lucile Ballantine, a great favorite on Broadway for her good looks and good nature, will join one of the newest Broadway productions. She has just finished up some very successful work.

* * *

The name "JACK BLUE" is probably one the most familiar in dancing instruction circles, and justly so. For Jack "delivers the goods," to which his steadily increasing clientele fully testifies. He was formerly dancing master for Ziegfeld Follies, Ned Wayburn and George M. Cohan.

* * *

Everybody is crowding to the "Golden Glades" at Healy's to see the popular prima donna of the show, Helen Hardick, on her return engagement. Our representative who reviewed the show reports that he could not help making comparisons one of the performers known as Bertee Beaumont, supposed to be featured, but whose work seemed so vastly inferior to that of the brilliant Helen.

AL. JOLSON'S Sensational Song Success

"YOO-HOO"

Lyrics by B. G. DE SYLVA
The Outstanding Hit of "BOMBO"

Melody by AL. JOLSON
Released on All Records and Rolls
Published by MAURICE RICHMOND, INC.



BROADWAY BREVITIES BALL

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December 1st



A Handsome
SILVER CUP

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"LILIES OF THE FIELD" CO.

through

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as a Prize for

"THE MOST POPULAR GIRL"

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PRISCILLA DEAN

In the Universal - Jewel Film of Thrills

"CONFLICT"

CENTRAL THEATRE Broadway and 47th Street

CONTINUOUS NOON TO 11:30 P. M.



GILDA GRAY

*Appearing nightly at the RENDEZVOUS, 121 West 45th, in her
now celebrated South Sea dance, the AREA-REA.*

A "Fever and Ague" Letter of 1877

Rolling our eye over the Sunday *Herald* recently, we found something good enough for even BREVITIES readers to enjoy. It is an old letter of one dead and gone, Robert Bonner, at that time publisher of the *Ledger*, and recounts, with diverting humor, his experiences on his Westchester estate. Addressed to the New York Sun, September 18, 1877, it reads as follows:

"A Country Seat for Sale Where There is Fever and Ague—I hereby offer for sale my country residence at West Morrisinia, near Melrose Station, where I have lived for the past three summers, but do not think I could live much longer. I have heard that people looking for a place to purchase could never find one where they have chills and fever—they always have it about a mile, a mile and a half or two miles off, but never right there at the place for sale. Now I offer for sale a curiosity, something rare, the precise, exact spot where the fever and ague is, I will warrant it to be there. Three of my children have it; my gardener has it; my groom has the sure premonitory symptoms, and I have a sufficient inkling of it myself. Any doctor with a large family who has a specific for fever and ague would find this a most eligible situation.

"The neighborhood is full of the disease, and if he could keep it out of his own family it would give him a reputation which would insure his fortune. Besides the fever and ague, the estate consists of a fine double house with

every modern convenience and improvement, such as hot and cold water, furnace, range, &c., and about two acres of land, with a pretty fair barn and some good box stalls for horses. It is really a beautiful place. The grounds are handsomely laid out and covered with trees and shrubbery of the choicest kind. These trees afford not only a delightful shade, but a nice harbor for mosquitoes. The mosquitoes thus far have not been so much affected by the fever and ague as to prevent their biting. In fact, it is a good place for mosquitoes. I bought it to please my wife, and will leave it to please my whole family. Terms, cash. I am afraid any security on it will get the fever and ague and become void. Those wishing to purchase will please apply immediately. I want to get away from it as fast as Dexter can carry me. Signed Robert Bonner."

"Ledger Office, 90 Beekman Street, Sept. 18, 1887.

"P. S. The town authorities have begun to make alterations in the street adjoining, and if they drain the place as well as they do the pockets of the land holders it may become healthy."

* * *

On 39th St. just a few steps east of Broadway, there is a little cigar stand, where you will always be greeted with a smile and treated courteously, whether you buy a stamp or a box of Hoyas....The proprietor is a "regular feller."

* * *

Geneva Mitchell now calls herself Genevieve. Why not be real classy and make it Genevievea Mitchello?

SMOKE ?

Try—M. J. KALISH

Imported - CIGARS - Domestic

Box Trade a Specialty

High Grade Candies

Complete Line of Smokers' Articles

128 W. 39th STREET, N. Y.

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Mainly About Frank Harris

We have watched for months the struggles of our friend, Frank Harris, that valorous elder Spartan, the intrepid knight who has jousted in so many journalistic tournaments, and yet stands forth in summer sun with head ensanguined but unbowed. Harris, with a long and brilliant career aforesaid as editor of "Vanity Fair" in London, and as author of some of the best fiction in our English tongue, took over Pearson's Magazine some five or six years ago in New York, to which he has stuck, through sun and cloud, through good and evil report, with all the tenacity that his rugged frame and face so boldly express. "Pearson's, in his hands, is the Palladium of Revolt, the Magna Charta of Nonconformity. To Harris's heart the Lost Cause is as dear as the Triumphant Hobby to other men. Many a time his frail bark has seemed to be fast on the rocks and washing to pieces, when, presto! the craft has floated again, colors flying, captain on the bridge. And the most astonishing thing about it all is the sublime apathy with which Harris is regarded in America by even those to whom his great genius is well known. Here is a man of prodigious literary stature, scholar, historian, critic, essayist, novelist, who could pack most of his piddling contemporaries in his

ink-well, yet he is doomed to a life of drudgery more bitter than marked the early years of Johnson. At the head of an endowed literary journal, freeing his marvelous mind to do its best, what might we not have from Frank Harris?.....We have not seen him for five years, but this is a willing word of remembrance, of admiration and of hope.....We wish BREVITIES' readers, who do not know Harris, would do themselves the favor of attending one of the Sunday evening lectures we understand he gives regularly at his home, 57 Fifth avenue, so they may come in touch with one of the dynamic personalities of our generation.

* * *

We wonder if there is any part of the globe where BREVITIES isn't read? In our mail the other day we got two subscriptions, one from Cape Town, South Africa, the other from Buenos Aires!!!! "They aren't happy till they get it."

* * *

Free Ad for Old Mother Schrafft

We hear that one of the day-nurseries has made Schrafft's at 38th and Broadway, an offer for the tables. They want to use them as rocking-horses for the children. Believe me, chile, dose tables cert'nly do rock! They're the most intoxicated pieces of furniture we've ever seen. How the Macy and Saks shopping grandmas keep their buns and coffee from spilling we don't know.

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FOR ONE YEAR

for

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MODERATE PRICES

HAPPY SERENADERS—Most Versatile of Orchestras

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Dollar Theatre

BROADWAY and 47th STREET, NEW YORK

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VAUDEVILLE

HOUSE OF
THE WORLD

AND PREMIER MUSIC HALL

Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.

DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c, and Best Seats 75c.

EVENINGS, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50

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**We Have the Best Dance Music
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**We can't serve all the food in
New York—so we
serve the best!**

Everything about it is Lovely!



THE Claridge Shop itself is an exquisite place. The dainty maids who bring you your food are deft and speedy. And the food—well, just try one of the tomatoes filled with white meat of chicken, a Claridge Supreme sandwich, or an American Beauty sundae! Everything about the place is lovely. Buy a box of Sherry or Tiffin Candy.

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(Winter Garden, 24th floor)

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FAMOUS STARS OF THE STAGE, SCREEN AND
ARTISTIC WORLD

A FEW OF THE THRILLS!

"MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL" CONTEST—A Gold Crown will be presented to the lady selected by Judges Henry Clive, Henry Hutt and Harrison Fisher as the Star Beauty at the Ball, who will be crowned "Queen of Beauty."

"THE MOST POPULAR GIRL"—As selected by vote, will receive a beautiful prize.

OVER 100 STARS OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN WILL BE PRESENT.

MOTION PICTURES OF STARS AND GUESTS will be taken and if possible shown same evening.

THE ENTERTAINMENT will be furnished by some of the greatest celebrities of the Show World.

A FASHION REVUE comprising 15 or 20 noted models is to be shown by WORTZMAN & MALLARD.


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